

Business Notices.

The most magnificent Store that has ever been opened in New York, at the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, is now open for business. The store is situated in a large and commodious building, and is well adapted for the sale of all kinds of goods. The stock is large and well selected, and the prices are low. The store is open from 10 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night.

THE GOOD FOR NOTHING POLKA. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

GREAT BARGAINS. A large lot of goods, including silks, satins, and other fine fabrics, are now on hand at a great reduction of price. The goods are of the latest fashion, and are well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

DAMAGED LINENS. A large lot of damaged linens, including handkerchiefs, towels, and other fine fabrics, are now on hand at a great reduction of price. The goods are of the latest fashion, and are well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

ALBERT H. NICOLAY. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

DEFAMATION. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

NEW MUSIC. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

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THE CLERGYMAN'S FRIEND. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

SEWING MACHINES. A new and original composition, by the author of "The Good for Nothing Polka." The music is in the style of the most popular dances, and is well adapted for the use of families. The price is 25 cents.

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of the Sultan. If it be true that Kossuth goes to Turkey at the request of Abd-ul-Medjid, with regard to which we await further information, there can no longer be a doubt that the Porte anticipates the addition of Austria to its declared enemies, and is preparing to keep that power busy at home by a new rising in Hungary, an example which, of course, will at once be followed in Italy. At the same time, we have to announce that public feeling in England is daily becoming more inflamed. The excitement is not only directed against the Ministry for its weak and treacherous conduct in the Turkish question, but Prince Albert is openly charged with complicity with Russia, and the Queen herself is no longer regarded with the same exuberant loyalty as before. It is surprising to see the roughness with which the Prince is handled by journals once filled with respect and devotion for his person and character. Indeed, there has been no such stirring-up of the popular elements in England since the times of the Reform Bill. The public at large are hot for war; and of this the late articles of the *London Times* upon the Turkish naval disaster alone afford conclusive evidence. At no moment since the commencement of the difficulties have the chances of peace been so faint and the probabilities of a general war so strong. That such a dire convulsion is certain we do not say; it may be that some means of escape can yet be found; but we are bound to declare that the horizon reddens with the menace of a universal conflagration. We do not hail the onset with pleasure. Our faith is in the triumphs of industry, of science, and the gradual acquisition of freedom through the growth of material and social well-being. In the clang of arms the arts which elevate the masses and add to the capabilities of man are silenced and obscured, and military power asserts its brutal supremacy. It is possible that when Europe emerges, exhausted and decimated, from the now imminent contest, some few districts may be in more congenial hands, some single tribes have achieved a measure of independence; just as it is certain that one power, which has played a momentous part in history, and one ancient house, that of Hapsburg, which has long boasted an almost unequalled sway, will be overthrown and abolished. But leaving aside these circumstances, we can draw no smiling prospect for the now probable convulsion; nor do we believe that the liberties of Europe in general or the progress of all that really elevates and ennobles man can be advanced thereby. But in saying this, let us never forget the truth that if a general war must follow, it has two causes, namely: the wicked and unjustifiable pretensions of Russia, and the timid, base, hypocritical conduct of the British and French Governments. The weight of responsibility lies on these powers, but above all on Russia, as the aggressor and source of the entire difficulty. It is the Czar who fears not to disturb the peace of the world, to interrupt its prosperity, to cause a boundless and irreparable waste of money and of life, all upon the most frivolous and worthless pretenses. Let there come, then, if the struggle is inevitable, a befitting chastisement for the flagrant and gigantic wickedness of the despot who thus arrogantly gambles with the blood and treasure of his own people, and puts in peril the dearest interests of Mankind!

PROGRESS OF THE TURKISH WAR.

After a long delay we are at last in possession of official documents in relation to the two victories which Russia so loudly boasts of and so liberally rewards. We allude, of course, to the destruction of the Turkish squadron at Sinope and the engagement near Akhalzik. These documents are the Russian bulletins; but the fact that the Turkish official organ has maintained a profound silence on the subject, when its communications, if it had any made, should have reached us before those from St. Petersburg, makes it certain that the Porte has nothing agreeable to publish. Accordingly we proceed, on the information we have, to analyze the events in question, in order to make our readers acquainted with the real state of the case.

THE BATTLE OF SINOPE.

The battle of Sinope was the result of such an unparalleled series of blunders on the part of the Turks that the whole affair can only be explained by the mischievous interference of Western diplomacy or by collusion with the Russians of some parties in Constantinople connected with the French and English Embassies. In November, the whole Turkish and Egyptian fleet proceeded to the Black Sea, in order to draw the attention of the Russian Admirals from an expedition sent to the coast of the Caucasus in order to land supplies of arms and ammunition for the insurgent mountaineers. The fleet remained eighteen days at sea without meeting with a single Russian man-of-war; some say the Russian squadron never left Sevastopol during all that time, whereby the expedition to the Caucasus was enabled to effect its object; others report that, being well-informed of the plans of the Turks, it withdrew eastward, and merely watched the vessels conveying stores, which, in consequence, never reached the Caucasian shore, and had to return to Sinope, while the main fleet returned to the Bosphorus. The great amount of powder on board the Sinope squadron, which caused the explosion of several of them at a comparatively early period of the engagement, appears to be a proof that the latter version is correct.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

Thus seven Turkish frigates, two steamers, three sloops, and one or two smaller ships, together with some transports, were abandoned in the harbor of Sinope, which is little better than an open roadstead, formed by a bay open towards the sea, and protected by a few neglected and ill-constructed batteries, the best of which was a castle constructed at the time of the Greek Emperors, and most likely before artillery was known in Europe. How it happened that a squadron of some three hundred guns, mostly of inferior caliber, was thus abandoned to the tender mercies of a fleet of three times its force and weight of metal, at that point of the Turkish shore, which from its proximity to Sevastopol, is most exposed to a Russian attack, while the main fleet was enjoying the tranquil repose of the Bosphorus, we have yet to learn. We know that the dangerous position of this squadron was well appreciated and warmly debated at head quarters; that the discordant voices of Turkish, French and British admirals were loudly heard in the councils of war, and that the ever-meditating ambassadors were there also, in order to speak their minds upon the matter, but nothing was done.

THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON.

In the mean time it appears, according to one statement, that an Austrian steamer reported at Sevastopol the position of the squadron. The Russian official report maintains on the contrary, that Nachimoff while cruising off the coast of Asia, described the squadron, and took measures to attack it. But, if the Russians described the Turks at Sinope, the Turks from the tower and minarets of the town must necessarily have described the Russians long before. How then came it to pass that the Turkish batteries were in such bad trim, when a couple of days' labor might have done a great deal toward their repair? How happened it that the Turkish vessels were at anchor in places where they obstructed the fire of the batteries, and were not shifted to moorings more fit to meet the threatened danger? There was time enough for all this; for Admiral Nachimoff states that he first sent to Sevastopol for three three-deckers before he ventured the attack. Six days, from November 24 to November 30, must not have been allowed to elapse without some effort on the part of the Turks; but indeed, the report of the Turkish steamer *Taif*, which escaped to Constantinople, amply proves that the Turks were taken by surprise. So far, then, the Russian report cannot be correct.

ADMIRAL NACHIMOFF.

Admiral Nachimoff had under his command three ships-of-the-line, one of them a three-decker, six frigates, several steamers, and six or eight smaller vessels, a force of at least twice the weight of metal of the Turkish squadron. Yet he did not attack until he got three more three-deckers, which, by themselves, should have been quite sufficient to perform the exploit. With this disproportionate superiority he proceeded to the assault. A fog, or, as some say, the use of the British flag, enabled him to approach unmolested to a distance of 500 yards. Then the fight began. The Russians, not liking to stand under canvas on a lee shore, dropped their anchors. Then the firing from the two moored fleets, without any naval maneuvers, and having rather the character of a cannonade on shore, went on for four hours. The possibility of doing away with all naval tactics, with all movements, was very favorable to the Russians, whose Black Sea fleet, manned almost exclusively by "land-lubbers," and especially with Polish Jews, might have had very poor success if opposed to the well-manned Turkish ships in deep water. Four hours were required by the Russians before they could silence the feeble ships of their opponents. They had, besides, the advantage, that any stray shot on their part would do harm either in the batteries or in the town, and what a number of missiles, in comparison to the hits they must have made, appears from the almost total destruction of the place, accomplished long before the hostile fleet was silenced. The Russian report says only the Turkish quarter was burnt down, and that the Greek quarter escaped as if by miracle. This is, however, contradicted by better authority, which states that the whole town is in ruins.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

Three Turkish frigates were burnt during the action, four were run ashore and burnt afterwards, along with one steamer and the smaller vessels. The steamer *Taif*, however, cut her cables, boldly steamed through the Russian lines, and escaped to Constantinople, although chased by Admiral Korniloff with three Russian steamers. Considering the clumsiness of Russian naval maneuvers, the bad position of the Turkish fleet in front, and in the line of fire, of their own batteries, and above all the absolute certainty of destruction, it would have appeared better if the whole Turkish squadron had got under weigh and borne down as far as the wind permitted upon the enemy. The ruin of some, which could by no means be avoided, might have saved at least a portion of the squadron. Of course the direction of the wind must have decided as to such a maneuver, but it seems doubtful whether Osman Pasha ever thought of such a step at all.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

The victory of Sinope has no glory for the Russians, while the Turks fought with almost unheard-of bravery; not a single ship having struck its flag during the whole action. And this loss of a valuable portion of their naval force, the momentary conquest of the Black Sea, and the dejecting moral consequences of such an event upon the Turkish population, army and navy, is entirely due to the "good offices" of Western diplomacy, which prevented the Turkish fleet from standing out and protecting or fetching home the Sinope squadron. And it is equally due to the secret information given to the Russians enabling them to strike the blow with certainty and safety.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

The second victory of which the Russians boast, came off at Akhalzik, in Armenia. The Turks have for some time past been checked in the offensive movements which they had effected on the Georgian frontier. Since the taking of Shekati, or St. Nicolas, not a place of any importance has been taken, nor any victory gained of more than ephemeral effect. And this in a country where the Russians must fight under all imaginable disadvantages, where their land communications with Russia are reduced to two roads infested by insurgent Circassians, where their sea communications might very easily be cut off or endangered, and where the Transcaucasian country occupied by them, with Tiflis for its centre, might be considered more as an independent State, than as part and parcel of a mighty empire. How is this check of the Turkish advance to be explained? The Turks accuse Abdol Pasha of treason and have recalled him; and certainly it is very curious that Abdol Pasha is the only Turkish General in Asia, who has been allowed by the Russians to gain local and partial victories. But there are two mistakes on the part of the Turks which explain the want of success in the beginning and the actual defeat in due course afterward. They have spread and divided their army upon all the long line from Batum to Bayezid; their masses are nowhere strong enough for a concentric attack upon Tiflis, though part of them are at the present moment, enjoying the undisputed and useless possession of the city of Erivan. The country is barren and rocky, and it may be difficult to feed a large army there; but quick concentration of all resources and rapid movements are the best means against famine in an army. Two corps, one for covering Batum and attacking on the coast-line, another for a direct march upon Tiflis through the valley of the Kur would have been sufficient. But the Turkish forces have been divided and subdivided without any necessity whatever, and to the almost entire disabling of every one of the different corps.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

In the second place, the inactivity in which diplomacy held the Turkish fleet allowed the Russians to land two divisions of infantry (of the 5th corps) in Mingrelia, and thus to re-enforce Prince Woronzoff's Caucasian army by nearly 20,000 men. Thus strengthened, he not only arrested the Turks on the coast, but has now had the satisfaction of seeing a corps under Gen. Andronikoff deliver the beleaguered fortress of Akhalzik, and beat the enemy on the open field about that town. The Russians pretend that with about 10,000 men they have routed 15,000 Turks; of course we cannot rely upon such statements, but must content that the great number of irregulars in the Turkish Anatolian army and the almost total absence of European officers, particularly in the higher commands and on the staff, must make them but a poor match for an equal number of Russians. The Russians pretend they have taken ten or twelve pieces of cannon, which may be true, as in that impassable country the vanquished party must necessarily abandon most of its guns; at the same time they confess they have made only 120 prisoners. This amounts to a confession that they have massacred almost all the wounded on the field of battle, they being necessarily left in their hands. Besides, they prove that their measures for pursuit and intercepting the retreat of at least part of the enemy, must have been wretchedly planned. They had plenty of cavalry; a bold charge into the midst of the fugitives would have cut off whole battalions. But this action offers, so far as our reports go, but little military or political interest.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

On the Danube, the Russians have done nothing more than repeat the affair by which they opened the campaign, at Matchin, a fort, or a projecting rock opposite Braila. They appear to have made little impression. We have also, on good authority, a detailed statement of the Turkish troops concentrated at Widdin. They consist of 34,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and 2,000 artillery, with 60 field-guns, besides heavy artillery on the walls of Widdin, and on the redoubts of Kalefat. Thus, 40,000 Turks are wasted in order to occupy the direct route from Bucharest into Servia. Forty thousand men, chained down to extensive fortifications which they have to defend, are too few to withstand the attack of a large army, and a great deal too many to defeat roving expeditions of small bodies. With the force already collected at Shumla, these 40,000 men would there be worth twice their number elsewhere. Their absence, next to diplomatic interference, ruined the operation of Ofenitz. It is impossible that Omer Pasha should not know, that if he stands with 100,000 men between Silistria and Rusekitch, the Russians, in numbers sufficient to do mischief, will never attempt to pass by him in order to throw themselves into the mountains of Servia. Such a disposition of his troops cannot accord with his judgment, and he must elude desperately at the maleficent influences which force it upon him.

ERIE MATTERS.

Gov. Bigler has at length telegraphed to the Mayor and Sheriff a Jesuitical dispatch, advising obedience to the injunctions of the State and U. S. Supreme Courts; but it is far easier to stir up a riot than to quell it. Had the Governor sent such a dispatch at the outset, a fearful amount of mischief and disgrace would have been prevented.

The representatives of the Erie rioters at Harrisburg have likewise telegraphed to Erie, advising the borough authorities and their mob to desist temporarily from all further destruction of the Railroad on condition that the latter shall refrain from prosecuting the Vandal destroyers of their property. The rioters telegraphed back that they could not consent to this, and that Harbor Creek would not permit Riles of any gauge to be laid down on the present Railroad track through that town. So the matter stands unsettled. We protest against any compromise which shall shield the bridge-burners, track-playing, baby-freezing scoundrels of Erie and Harbor Creek from the legal consequences of their crimes. It now seems clear that the course of the Vandals will not be sustained by the Pennsylvania Legislature, even if it could be.

Erie is now looking, as a last resort, to a Railroad connection with this City direct by a six-foot track, by way of the proposed new road to Little Valley, and thence over the New-York and Erie Railroad. To this nobody has any objection, provided the Lake Shore Road shall henceforth be unmoored; but he must be green who supposes a New-York Legislature will give aid and comfort to the bridge-burners by permitting that connection to be made for Erie's benefit while Erie is blockading the Lake Shore route, and thus injuring our State to the amount of thousands of dollars per day. No, gentlemen! if cutting connections is your game, you shall not play it alone!

We believe the President of the Little Valley and Erie Road is now in our City, in quest of subscriptions in aid of that project. This is all right, provided Erie recedes from her present bridge-burning, track-playing attitude, but not otherwise. We have not a penny of interest in the Lake Shore Road, nor any of its connections; while we have subscribed \$10,000 toward constructing the Little Valley Road; but we will not pay up one cent toward building that Road, nor any Road to Erie, while that harbor of incendiaries continues to obstruct the State Line Road.

PENN-VALLEY INTERESTS.

Pennsylvania wants her share of the trade and transportation between the Atlantic and the Great Valley, which is natural and unobjectionable. She has built Canals and Railroads with this view, to which nobody can make serious objection. If she wishes to run one of either through our State to Lake Erie, Ontario or Champlain, we are confident no objection will be interposed, but every facility extended, and we guarantee her against any such Algerine exaction as that to which the New-York and Erie Railroad is now subjected in the annual contribution of \$10,000 levied on it for the benefit of Pennsylvania's Treasury, though the construction of that road along and within her border is an actual and important benefit to her. It brings an immense current of Western business and travel within easy reach of Philadelphia at Elmira, Great Bend and Delaware; and, if she don't choose to stretch out her hand and secure a part of it, the fault certainly is none of ours.

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But while Philadelphia neglects to tap this stream of business at Delaware, where it is brought within a hundred miles of her, on her own noble river, down which a Railroad might be easily and cheaply constructed, she seems ready enough to stop it and seek to turn it into her own lap at Erie, four hundred miles away, and on the other side of the Alleghenies. And the instrument wherewith she works is not a wand of attraction, but a bar of obstruction. Instead of building a Railroad to invite people to her shops and facilitate their coming, she turns one up that leads in a different direction. She expects to win, not by building bridges, but by burning them—not by a line of rails, but by a break of gauge. In other words, she virtually says, "I will make you trade with me by breaking up your 'path to my rival'." And this is her mode of evincing a regard for her own interests. And we see that a Philadelphia member has proposed in the Pennsylvania Legislature a reenactment of the Gauge Law; though that can be made to work after the gauge has actually been changed, we do not see.

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Let us suppose that Philadelphia shall be able, by calling to her aid the sovereign majesty of Pennsylvania, to establish a break of gauge at Erie, how much can Philadelphia expect to make by it? We have in our City several smart, clever men of business, such as Stewart, Barnum and Genin. Now suppose these have been petitioned for and obtained of our late Common Council—the case not being supposable of any other—the privilege of erecting a toll-gate across Broadway in front of their respective premises, their customers being permitted to pass free, but every body else obliged to pay a penny to the gate-keeper—how much increase of custom do you think they would realize by the speculation?

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Will Philadelphia ponder this question? For our own part, we don't believe one of the New-Yorkers we have named would accept such a gate-privilege if freely offered them. They would say—"No; we can't afford to give weight to the insinuation that customers must be driven or taxed into our shops, or they won't come there. Keep away your 'gates,' and let us fight our own battle; if we can't stand in a fair field, we don't want to stand at all. We can't consent to be responsible for all the blasphemy those gates would elicit, and we won't have 'them before our doors.' And herein they would judge wisely.

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Can that be wisdom in Philadelphia which would be folly anywhere else? The destruction by fire on Saturday night in this City of one of the finest, and in some respects the most splendid concert-room in the world, joined with that of one of the most beautiful marble structures in the country, is an event which provokes reflection. It is but last week that Metropolitan Hall echoed with the strains of one of the finest orchestras; it is but last week that expectation seemed eager touching to the interior magnificence of the Lafarge Hotel, about to be opened to rival or outstrip any in the City. Now both these buildings are resolved into a pool of hot and smoking ruins, flanked by portions of fire-scared walls, which seem ready to leap into the gulph below. For this truly deplorable event, alike calamitous for taste, art and convenience, we see no cause but negligence. It is utterly impossible, if the hotel and concert-room had been properly watched, that the fire could have gained such an unconquerable fierceness. Here was property worth some four hundred thousand dollars, which in certain points of costly splendor and artistic value, has not its equal on this continent; but it seems to have been left to take care of itself and burn up at will. We hear of no water-pipes so introduced into the Music Hall as that the first show of flames could be dispelled on the instant. We hear of no double patrols marching and watching on their sleepless beats. But in the dead of the night, when the world dreams in confidence, the alarm of fire is given afresh—the firemen being already on duty at a minor conflagration—and then there is the old hurry-scurry—the terrible vibrations of doubt and speculation as to whence proceed these fiery rays which jerk from black night into plain vision, cupola and chimney, roof and wall, for a few

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round. Such is the history of the late fire. It had already worked its way into the bowels of the building before it was confronted by our firemen.

In witnessing the manner in which the firemen extinguished it, preserving the circumambient buildings from destruction, though frequently ignited from the shower and spray of sparks which for three mortal hours lit upon them—in seeing how these devoted legions of peace, remained under the toppling and earth-shaking walls, up to the moment of their final leap—we were reminded of courage as sublime as any which historian or bard has sung—which has made myths of heroes and named capitals after captains. No foeborn hope could present more exalted bravery, or more mechanical skill. While true and tardy assistance of battles are dwelt upon by the rising generations as indices of a heroic age now gone by, it is not remarked that battles in peace leveled against, and not for, destruction, are fought every day, and neither anarchist nor tyrant deems them worthy of mention.

The loss of Metropolitan Hall is at present irreparable. No building in the City for a moment competes with it in size and splendor, conjoined with the best location. It was equally good for music or declamation—for arts or philanthropy. It was, when lit up at night, of remarkable brilliancy, and withal harmonious; and carried out the great Greek idea, that the eye and ear require simultaneous nurture from the muses. The building of Metropolitan Hall grew originally out of the excitement attending the Jenny Lind fever. An enthusiast, named Tripler, advanced a heavy sum, and built it; and becoming bankrupt thereby, a mortgage foreclosed upon his work and his enthusiasm, and he was ruined—the late owner enjoying the results. Of course, the little that is done for Art in this City, is done by such enthusiasts, or it would not have the mean existence accorded to it—its chord alone that "breaks by night, to show that still it lives," could not pre-exist to break, and there would be nothing to distract for a moment public attention from triumphant Ethiopian minstrelsy consecrated to exulting what among a generous civilized people should be too humble to ridicule—namely, the socially and politically helpless negro. As no artistic building is as a rule put up except on the cent-per-cent principle—and enthusiasm is a rare thing connected with capital—we have no expectations that a new music hall will be erected in the place of the one just destroyed. On this consideration, the destruction of Metropolitan Hall must be considered a terrible blow to Art, from which it may take many years to recover; and therefore, the flaming ruins have a sadness peculiarly their own. As for Lafarge's Hotel it was literally a regal palace. As a marble structure it had a peculiar beauty. The splendor of its furniture may be judged when we state that the carpets alone, now unfortunately destroyed, cost upward of \$20,000. The entire furniture cost \$120,000.

The frequent fires that we have had recently press heavily on the insurance companies. Dividends are either not paid, or postponed, and according to the statistics of recklessness, we have not got through the worst part of the fire-winter yet. It is disgraceful that there should be so many fires among us. Such a destruction of property—of the blood and sweat and labor of freemen—seems more like drunken New Zealanders than civilized beings. We find no parallel to it in European Christendom. Take Paris for example; our recollections do not go back further than 1815, in regard to the fire statistics of that city, but from that year to this, 1854, a period of nine years, in a city of over a million, with the suburbs included of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, with houses, thickly strewn in narrow streets, varying generally from five to ten stories—containing not only French, but a large proportion of people from other parts of the world, there has been only one fire of any magnitude! Compare that with the houses and streets destroyed—the millions on millions swept away—the lives of firemen on duty, lost in this City. We should blush at the parallel. The truth is, this City needs to be enlightened as to the true relations of man to his neighbor, in regard to the care which he takes of his property, guarding it against fire and not subjecting that around it to the contamination of death through flames. We need a Board of City Architects, whose business shall be to look over the Builder's plans of every house, private or public, and see that the walls are of the proper thickness, the economic arrangements such as security and health require, and the combustible materials used in the building as few as possible. The license which has grown up in the construction of edifices in this City should be checked and crushed by a policy of local administration, alike due to the claims of industry, which cannot support a fiery maelstrom to swallow a large per centage of its wares, and to the requirements of individual and general security, municipal growth and national repose.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

Mr. W. W. HURN of Maine, has lately made a speech in the Senate upon the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, in which he expressed good sentiments and sound doctrine, happily and wisely expressed. Mr. Washburn has a clearness of view and an animation of mind which, added to great fluency of speech and wealth of diction, render him a speaker of uncommon merit. Besides, he is a gentleman of remarkable independence of thought and soundness of understanding. He possesses in an eminent degree that happy combination of generous sentiments and enlarged ideas, with a distinct recognition of the claims of experience and the demands of even-handed justice, which entitle him to a prominent rank among a rising class of men, both in and out of the public councils, of which everything is to be expected in the future. It is to those individuals (mainly the fruit of our own time) who unite in themselves the leading ideas of progress and conservatism—who go forward with an unflinching adherence to the right and an inflexible front against the wrong—that the world is hereafter to look as the pioneers and champions of its advancement.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

Mr. Washburn's positions on annexation are well taken and ably enforced. He maintains that the basis of the act should be the clearly expressed wish of the inhabitants of the Islands. He is right in this and in the distinction he draws between the character of colonial and territorial or integral annexation. The days of colonial relations are past; the Federal system supplants them, and it is clear to the eye that intelligently seen the future, that the Federal tie will soon take the place of the Colonial in all those distant dominions now held by foreign Powers which they shall hereafter successfully seek to retain beneath their sway. America is in advance with the practical application of this idea, and this is of itself sufficient to determine the fate of the Sandwich Islands, independently of more controlling considerations.

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

It is an old saying that a certain sort of people should have good memories. In fact the only safe course for this class of persons is to say nothing. Constant talking results in inevitable exposure. The Satan is forever boasting of its immense and unparalleled circulation. Of late it has said so much about it, that we have been able to see just what foundation there is for its oft reiterated statement that its list of subscribers is greater than that of any of its neighbors or cotemporaries. The latest statement of the *Satanic* was on Saturday, and is as follows:

THE TURKISH SQUADRON.

The statements of the preceding day in that paper, show that the average circulation of the *Sunday Herald* is about 35,000. This *Sunday Herald* is no more an independent sheet that should be reckoned separately in making up the subscribers to the paper, than the Monday or Tuesday *Herald*. Deducting it therefore from the above aggregate, it appears that the proprietor of the *Satanic* claims a total circulation of 70,000 copies.

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